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Mount Vernon Banner Historic Newspaper 1857

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### Mount Vernon Democratic Banner December 15, 1857

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# Mount Vernon Democrat Banner.

VOLUME 21.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO: TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1857.

NUMBER 35.

The Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner,  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,  
BY L. HARPER.

Office in Woodward's Block, Third Story.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2.50 within six months; \$3.00 after the expiration of the year. Clubs of twenty, \$1.50 each.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

1 year.	6 months.	3 months.	1 month.	1 week.	1 day.
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## Choice Poetry.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

"A Hundred Years to Come."

Where will be the birds that sing

A hundred years to come?

The flowers that now in beauty spring,

A hundred years to come?

The heart that beats

So gaily now—

Oh! where will be love's beaming eye,

Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sigh,

A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street

A hundred years to come?

Who'll tread your church with willing feet

A hundred years to come?

A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling age,

And fiery youth,

And childhood with

Its brow of truth;

The rich and poor on land and sea,

Where will the mighty millions be

A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep

A hundred years to come!

No living soul for us shall weep

A hundred years to come?

But other men

Our hands will till,

And others then

Our streets will fill;

While other birds will sing as gay,

As bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come!

A Pleasant Smile.

A smile—who will refuse a smile,

The sorrowing heart to cheer,

And turn to love the heart of guile,

And check the falling tear?

A pleasant smile for every face,

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing,

It will the lines of care erase,

And spots of beauty bring.

A Strange Story.

From Emerson's and Putnam's Magazine.

THE STORY OF DEATH.

Reader have you ever been dead? I have been.

I will tell you the story of death. Dr. Benajah

W. Somes, Essex county, N. J., was the physician.

I shall not curse him now. Time has taught me

that it is better to bless than to curse. And I

feel bitter as my malice might be, that a more

misericordant condition was not possible to him than

the consciousness of his murderous wantonness

must bring upon himself, hardened as I fear his

nature is. But let that pass. I will tell you the

story of my death.

I died at the age of 23. A stalwart man, who

on my father's farm moved my swath or hoed

my row with the best. In an unfortunate hour

I became the victim of the practice of medicine

which then prevailed, but which now, happily, is

deadly. I had some sort of fever. No

doubt I was ill enough. From my right arm one

day the physician took ounces of blood—how

many I know not; certainly, in liquid measure,

a gallon of the red fluid flowed. I did not mend

that day; at least I suppose I did not, for on the

next day he cut my left arm, and took thence a

like quantity—the crimson measure of half a

life. I was a dead man then. But a shudder or

two always must come before the conscious soul

lets go its hold upon the frame. With me the

shudders were in the shape of cold sweats. There

was three of them. By the clock—some one at

my bedside whispered—the chill and sweat

the forms of those giants who fed the central

fires of the planet. They moved silent and grim,

watching their work, and when a rill of molten

rock glided apart from the mass, they staid it

with their ponderous feet, and scooped it back

to its place with vast hands.

Then the mountains began to lift and swell—

It seemed slowly to rise—the hundredth part of

an inch. Then, part of the way back it sank—

It might have been a year in rising that little

space. But at times I could feel that it was ris-

ing. Into the chinks that it made as it rose,

pressed, hot and fierce, vapors of sulphur from

the fires. These enveloped me more closely

than even the mountain's weight. I prayed that

the mountain would again shut down and press

them out. Its blank, dead suffocation, with all

its eternal weight, was better.

But the vapors thinned as the mountain slight-

ly, almost imperceptibly, lifted. Great God!—

I felt the touch of a human finger—a live finger,

I lay beneath my arm, in the arm-pit. I felt it

plainly—the artery throbbing against it.

The touch died away. I had no arteries—no human

sensation. It was a dream of the sleep of death.

I awoke from it—awoke to eternal death, the

mountain's weight, and hot, fiery vapors. Un-

yielding, they pressed me still within and with-

out.

Again—was it again a dread dream?—I had

a sense of light, veiled and clouded light, as

through a sleeper's unopened lids. The light,

dim as it was, was steady and continued. I

watched it long—long! Ages was the only mea-

sure, if measure beyond the grave there could

be. But so dim it was that hope grew sick, and

died, and rotted within me, and I fell back into

the old, desolate suffocation—the eternal unvary-

ing pressure of the mountain's weight. More

ages went by.

Then all at once was light, and a voice, and a

human hand. Light, sound, touch, flashed at

once upon me. How they mingled and thrived

with the dead suffocation. It was too much—

Now, on the eve of relief, I had my former

prayer answered. Sensation passed away. I

was not. Annihilation had come.

From annihilation—or from an utter blank

of consciousness—I awoke, with pain, and fatigue,

and still the sense of weight unutterable, to find

that there was indeed light, and touch and hear-

ing. The touch—it was a live hand—a human

hand. God, the merciful and kind! It was my

own father's hand! It was his finger beneath

my arm pit. Now I felt it meet the artery; I

myself felt, in sympathy with him, the throb. I

had come back to life. Death was over.

Though it was no dream, this awakening—

though I knew it to be real, yet for hours I held

but a state of semi-consciousness. But I knew

that death was over—I knew I lived. I recog-

nized the various members of my family in my

room. I heard my father's voice, subdued but

joyful, proclaiming his unwavering faith, during

all that I was alive.

Then the doctor came. He entered the room

where I lay.

"The boy is alive, doctor!" exclaimed my

father.

"Nonsense!" was the heartless knave's reply

—this devil of a doctor. At times I feel I must

hate him, this doctor who had college warrant

on parchment to murder and bury beneath

the earth.

"He does live, doctor!" persisted my father.

"Feel beneath his arm!"

The doctor put his hand—his faithless, cold,

skillless hand, beneath my arm.

days believed in blood, and the latter took it

when they would.

Do not deem, reader, that the foregoing is any

tale of the imagination. It is a story of the

boldest fact. I live in New Jersey, between

Plainfield and Westfield, in Union (formerly

Essex) county. My name I am free to impart

—it is John R. Miller. Thirty-four years have

passed, but the memory of every hue and cir-

cumstance of those dread ages of death is dis-

tinct and vivid still. For often, even now, a

thoughtless movement of either crippled limb

bringing their terrors bodily back, and once again

—thank God, it is but for a moment—I lie suf-

focated and pressed beneath the mountain's re-

merciless breast.

Literary Miscellany.

Diogenes.

In his old age Diogenes was taken captive by

pirates, who carried him to Crete, and exposed

him for sale as a slave. On being asked what

he could do, he replied, "Govern men sell me,

therefore, to one who wants a master." Xenia-

des, a wealthy Corinthian, struck with this re-

ply, purchased him, and, on returning to Corinth,

gave him his liberty and consigned his children

to his education. The children were taught to

be cynics, much to their own satisfaction. It

was during this period that his world renowned

interview with Alexander took place. The

prince, surprised at not seeing Diogenes joining

the crowd of his flatterers, went to see him. He

found the cynic sitting in his tub, basking in

the sun. "I am Alexander the Great," said he.

"I am Diogenes the cynic," was the reply! Al-

exander then asked him if there was anything

he could do for him. "Yes, stand aside from

between me and the sun." Surprised at such a

difference to princely favor—an indifference so

strikingly contrasted with everything he could

hitherto have witnessed—he exclaimed, "Were

I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!" One

day, being brought before the king, and being

asked who he was Diogenes replied, "A spy on

your cupidity;" language, the boldness of which

must have gained him universal admiration be-

cause implying great singularity, as well as force











